OR,

A KINGLY BED OF MISERY:

In which is contained

A DREAM:

WITH

An *Elegie* upon the Martyrdome of CHARLS, late King of *ENGLAND*, of blessed Memory.

AND

Another upon the Right Honorable the Lord *Capel*.

With a Curse against the Enemies of Peace, and the Authors Farewell to England.

BY JOHN QUARLES.

Printed in the Yeare, 1649.

KING EDWARD
OF MISERY:

WITH

The Siege upon the Martyr-
dome of CHARLES, late King
of ENGLAND, of blessed
Memory.

AND

Another upon the Right Honora-
ble the Lord Capel.

BY JOHN CRANFORD.

Printed in the Year, 1649.

To that Patroneſſe of Vertue, and moſt illuſtrious Princeſſe,

ELIZABETH,

The ſorrowfull Daughter to our late Martyr'd Soveraign, CHARLS, King of *England*, &c.

Moſt vertuous Princeſſe:

IS this ſubject, which my zealous preſumption preſents to your ſerious view, is a compound of joy and grief; ſo I hope it will furniſh your Royall breaſt, as well with the raptures of joy, as the principles of ſorrow. Madam, I am confident that I may, without adulation ſay, that your Royall Fathers death, gave a life to Vertue. And as we have a ſufficient cauſe to deplore the abſence of his Perſon, ſo we have an undeniable reaſon to rejoyce for the preſence of his perfections, which will build everlaſting Pyramids in the hearts of thoſe, which were his loyall Subjects. Madam, although Heaven hath been pleaſed to diminiſh your joyes in this miſerable Kingdome, yet no queſtion but he will hereafter multiply your pleaſures in his own. In the mean time, may the Glories of heaven, and the Meditations of your incomparable Fathers vertues, keep a conſtant correſpondency with your Royall heart, as it is the unfained prayers of him, who dedicates himſelf to your Highneſſes perfections, and is

MADAM,

A ſworn Servant to your Vertues,

Jo. QUARLES.

To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

I Have not much to say in my own defence for the weak performance of this work, which I confesse was hammer'd out of a disturbed mind; therefore if there be any thing in it contrary to thy disposition, I shall desire thee to moderate thy passion, and pardon my imbecility; for it is generally known that errours in grief, are incident to all: as for the errours of the Presse, I suppose them pardonable, in respect that it hath received many interruptions, and hast, joyn'd with feare, are conductours to mistakes: New Reader, my occasions beyond Sea advise me to bid thee adieu; the worst that I can expect to suffer abroad, is but the extremities of Warre; and the best that I can expect at home, is but the worst of miseries: if therefore there be a necessity of suffering, I conceive it to be the best of sufferings to suffer with the best of sufferers, whose faithfull Subject I am, and thy Servant, Reader, (if thou art Loyall)

JOHN QUARLES

A Dreame.

MOrpheus (thou Turn-key to all humane sense)
Unlock my brain, that I may flie from hence,
Out of this Cage of sleep, let me not lie
And drown my senses in stupidity.
My thoughts surprise my thoughts, I cannot rest,
I have a *Civill Warre* within my brest;
I'me full of thoughts: what uncontroled streams
Flow from the fancies Ocean? Oh! what dreams
Have sail'd into my stormy mind? And bring
No other burthen with them but a *King*,
A *King!* could I but kisse that word, and not be
An *Idolizer*; 'tis too great a fault (thought
To kisse his *hand*. Nor can I think it strange.
For *times*, & *manners* needs must have their change.
'Tis true, I dream'd methoughts my watchful eys
Observ'd a *King*, and then a *sacrifice*;
And ravish'd with that *majesty* and *grace*
I saw united in his modest *face*,
I ran to kisse his *hand*, but with a fall
I wak'd, and lost both *King*, and *kisse*, and *all*.
And thus restored to my former sense,
I thus proceeded in my thoughts; from whence

Arise these fancies, what? did *fancie* meane
To cause a sudden fall to intervene
Betweene a kisse and me? 'twas an abuse,
That runs beyond the limits of excuse.
I was enrag'd to think that I should misse
(Being so near his hand) so sweet a kisse.
I check'd my *fancy*; which was too precise
To make me run so fast, yet lose the prize.
Thoughts, follow thoughts, and when the first is
A second rises, which does oft prevent (spent
An inconvenient action, many time
A second thought gains *virtue* by a *crime*.
The first being banish'd, *reason* thought it good
To place a second, where the first thought stood,
And then I found my active *fancy* play'd
The *Politician*, and that thought allay'd
The former flames of passion in my breast, (prest
Then was I pleas'd with what my thought ex-
Which was to this effect ——

Me thoughts I saw
A grieved *King*, whose very looks were *Law*.
He sigh'd as if his tender heart had taken
A farewell of his body, and forsaken
This lower world, his star-like eyes were fixt
Upon the face of *Heaven*, his hands commixt.
His *tongue* was parsimonious, yet my eat
That was attentive could not prevail to hear
This whisp'ring eccho: Oh be pleas'd t' incline
Thy sacred eares; *was ever grief like mine*?

Was ever heart so sad? was ever any
So destitute of *joy*, that had so many
As I have had? though all be snatch'd from me,
Yet let me have an interest in thee.'
Oh Heaven! and there he stop'd, as if his breath
Had stept aside to entertain a death.
My soul was ravish'd, and the private dart
Of new-bred love, struck pity in my heart,
I could not hold, but silently bequeath
Some drops unto the ground, my soul did cleave
Unto his lips, for every word he spoke
Was ponderous, and would have easily broke
Th' obdurest heart: I turn'd away my eye,
And suddenly methoughts I did espie
A *sacrifice*; which when I did behold,
My blood recoiled, and my heart grew cold:
I was transported, and methoughts the place
Whereon I stood, seem'd bloudy for a space:
I trembling, cast my wearied eyes about,
Thinking to find my former object out,
But he was gone; and in his room was plac'd
A many-headed *monster*, that disgrac'd
The very place, they vanish'd, then appear'd
A large pretending rout, as well be-car'd
As *Balaam's Asse*, methoughts they did excell
The *Asse* in *eares*, but could not speak so well.
Methoughts they call'd *a Counsell* to contrive
Their high designs, and zealously dislive
Some great *Offenders* that they thought too wise
To live amongst such *eares*, such cast-up *eyes*.

One I obſerv'd amongſt the ſtudious *race*
" That had (methoughts) a *bone-fire* in his face:
" Another I deſcry'd amongſt the *pack*
" That ſeem'd to bear a *Kingdome* on his *back*:
" Another I beheld which pleas'd me beſt,
" That could not rule *himſelf*, yet rul'd the *reſt*:
" Another I eſpy'd which ſeem'd to look
" And read, but at the wrong end of his *book*;
" Another I obſerv'd, which ſeem'd to weep,
" And in concluſion, pray'd himſelfe *aſleep*:
" Another I deſcry'd, among theſe *Brothers*,
" That vow'd 'twas right, becauſe he'd pleaſe the *others*:
" Another he ſtood up, and wiſely broke
" His long-kept ſilent lips, and thus he ſpoke.

Come! let's no longer now be kept in aw,
I'me ſure our welfare is the *Supreme Law*,
A *King*, that's nothing but a power that is
Subordinate; the Lawes are *ours*, not *His*;
Is't not the *People* makes a *King*? well, then
If we let him be *King*, we're *fools*, not *Men*:
For now we have him in his own made *ſnare*,
We'l keep him faſt, oh that we had his *Heire*!

Come, let's proceed, and if our plots hit right,
You ſhall be *Lords* at leaſt, and I, a *Knight*.
And let *Malignants* prate, their Purſes ſhall
Pay tribute for their *tongues* at *Gold-ſmiths-hall*:
And if *they* grumble at what *we* ſhall do,
We'l make them pay their *lives* and *money* too;
The day is ours, let's not abuſe that powre (ſowre
Which *Heav'n* hath lent us; for ſweet things prove

If

If not made use of, have we not been poore
And others rich? Come let's increase our store;
Had we but our deserts, might we not crave
The priviledge of all that *others* have?
All's ours, and yet our miseries are such
That we are rich in *little*, poor in *much*;
Alas! our tender hearts are fill'd with pity
To see so many blind in one poor *City*;
If they would please in a true zealous fashion
To moderate their long-continued *passion*,
'Twould much rejoice the *Saints*, & we will pray
That they may live untill a wiser day;
The'are very *pious People*, and we could
Both live, and die together, if they would
But furnish our desires with every thing
We want, and dote not too much on a *King*;
He's but a *man* at most, and yet *they* must
Adore his *Person*, though he be *unjust*.

I could not chuse but laugh the other day,
I 'spy'd a *Cavalier* that closely lay
Perdue to kisse his *hand*, and by and by
He starts away, and when he was as nigh
(That which they call a *King*) as his own length
His *legs* (not having that sufficient strength
His *haste* requir'd) receiv'd a sudden fall
And overturn'd *himselfe*, his *King*, and *all*:
The sight much pleas'd me, being very near,
I never help'd the *King*, not *Cavalier*:
I soon retreated from that happy place,
And left them both in a distracted case;

But as I went, I was so blest to meet
An upright *Sister*, whose dividing *feet*
Stept with such innocency, that my heart
Did almost leap upon *her* to impart
My new-bred joy; her very looks betray'd
Her heart, indeed she was a lovely Maid;
I bow'd my self, and zealously imbrac'd
The small circumference of her bending waist,
I kiss'd her mouth, and having done that duty,
My lips divided, and I prais'd her beauty;
Extremes of joy did almost make me faint:
I thought, oh! *here's a Sister for a Saint*;
I was amaz'd, my very soul did move
Between the great extremes of *fear*, and *love*;
She smil'd upon me, and that very smile
Prov'd a *Restorative*, and for a while
I mus'd; at last my lips began to break
As that smile had licenced them to speak;
Oh! then my *mouth* being ram'd with *words*, let flie
Both *wit*, and *language*, and did soar as high
As our *Remonstrance*, oh! how I did heat
Her ears with my discourse, it was so neat
As if my ready *mouth* had been the *Schools*
Of *language*, yet she pleas'd to call *me Fools*;
But 'twas in jest I'm sure, or were it not
'Tis nothing, since my good heart forgot
My *Sisters* weakness, and indeed we *men*
Must bear with *Sisters* failings, *now*, and *then*;
They often trip in *zeal*, and sometimes take
A fall, and love it for the *Givers* sake:

Our

Our greatest faults they'l pardon for a buss,
Come, we must bear with *them*, they bear with *us*:
But after she had call'd me *fool*, she checkt
Her self; I wisely own'd it with neglect,
I spread my *cloak* upon the ground, and there
We cool'd our *passions* in the open aire:
Sister, said I, you have been pleas'd to spend
The name of *Fool* upon your faithfull *friend*,
It was my *worth* you rashly did eclips,
And I'le have satisfaction from those *lips*
That gave th' affront, let me no longer stay,
My fury will admit of no delay.
Deare *Brother*, she reply'd, if it be so
You must have satisfaction, *take it below*;
You soare too high at first, I must detest
Your lofty *play*, the middle *way* is best;
But if you are resolv'd, you shall not say
I'm obstinate; for if you *will*, you *may*:
I soon return'd her thanks, and with my hand
I pull'd her close, and made her understand
What I had seen: but oh how she was pleas'd!
Ah verily (said she) the news has eas'd
My longing *heart*. But when the *King* fell down
Thou were unwise thou hadst not snatch'd his *Crown*.
'Tis rarely spoken *Sister*, had I had
The *Crown*, I should have made a gallant *Lad*;
Should I but sway the Scepter of this Land,
I'd make my *Subjects* die at my command;
I'd lop the *great ones* off, and make the *low*
Subordinate to *me*, I'd make them know

The

The *reines* were mine; but at the first I'de steal,
Into their hearts, and fool them with my *zeal*,
I would declare unto the world, and take
An Oath, I acted for *Religions* sake:
I'd fill them full of *novelties*, and then
Sister thou knowest the common sort of *men*
(Like flies) will buz about my new-made light;
I'd call them *Babes of grace*, and make them fight
With *Cerberus* himself in my defence,
My *Soule* now tells me, 'tis a rare *pretence*:
I'd hire some babbling *Preachers* to infuse
Division; and to flatter them with *newes*.
I'd plump their *soules* with *promises*, that they,
Should never faile to *swear*; what should I *say*;
I'd make my *Preachers* urge them all to joyne
And fight for God; then wil their *Plate* be mine:
This is an *art* that lies above the reach
Of every *braine*: I'd suffer all to *preach*,
And sow *sedition*, every one should be
At least a *Saint*, and preach upon a Tree:
And if my great occasions should require
Large sums of *money*, then would I inspire
A *Publike Faith*; and if it would not rise
That way, I'd make the bellowes of *Extize*
To puffe it up; this is a cleansly way
To sweep up money, *Souldiers must have pay*.
Sister, thou know'st, 'tis no *disgracing stealth*
To make *Religion* rob the *Common wealth*:
What though *Malignants* raile at our designs,
We can extract our *livings* from their *fines*:

I've

I've ſpoke enough, now *Siſter*, I'le divorce
My nimble tongue from this *profound diſcourſe*:
Now give me leave to dedicate my heart
To thee (my Patroneſſe) before I part.
Brother, alas! I am a harmleſſe maid,
And we you know, are eaſily betrai'd
By mens deluſion: if your love be true,
The zeal of my affections light on you;
You know we ought to love, and none can be
More honeſt in their harmleſſe loves then we,
For we may love each other in the ſpirit,
And pray, and preach together, and inherit
Our owne deſires, whilſt others ſend their cries
To their beloveds, and yet loſe the prize.
Siſter, thou haſt exactly ſatisfi'd
My large deſires: my happineſſe bety'd
The thriving *Spirit*, truly, 'tis a paine
To part, but that I hope to meet againe:
London, (that neſt of worth) that *yeelding place*,
I am reſolv'd to view, within the ſpace
Of forty houres, where I intend to ſpare
Some time, and ſee ſome *Brethren* I have there.
It is a goodly place, as *fame* relates,
For there the *Siſters* live, and all the *States*;
Truly, th'are very godly, and pretend
Juſt like *our ſelves*, to be a faithfull friend
To *King*, and *Monarchy*, when as Alas——
And then I wak'd, and let the other paſſe
Unutter'd, but indeed I do confeſſe
I wiſh that I had heard a great deal leſſe,

And

And yet (to ſpeake the truth) I was perplext
Becauſe I could not hear what follow'd next.
This was a midnights dream, I was in pain
Till night had lull'd me in her armes again,
And for the ſpace of half a tedious houre
I was diſturb'd, till ſleep had gain'd ſome power
Over my ſlumb'ring ſenſes, but at laſt
Call'd to the bar of ſleep, I there was caſt:
I had not long in peacefull pleaſure ſlumber'd,
Before an interpoſing Dream incumber'd
My quiet fancy, ſuddenly my eare
Was fill'd with ſuch a noiſe, as none could heare
Without much fear, as if th'incurved back
Of burth'ned *Atlas* had begun to crack.
Me thoughts I ſaw the *Heav'ns* how they begun
(As if th'ad ſcorn'd the glory of the Sun)
To frown upon the earth, which ſeem'd to flame
Like ſulpherous *Etna*, from whoſe bowells came
Whole Regiments of *Spirits* which diſturb'd
The aire, whoſe fury hated to be curb'd;
Me thoughts they were ambitious to expell
Some *Potentate*, and make his ſeat, their Hell:
Me thoughts at laſt (I ſlumb'ring ſeem'd to hear
A ſingle voice that whiſper'd in my ear,
Yet thund'red in my heart, which made me grone
At every word; expreſt in ſuch a tone
Which would with great facility have turn'd
A Tyrants heart, or elſe conſum'd and burn'd
His breaſt to aſhes, and if language could
Move pity in a flinty-ſoule, this would.

He bolted forth his griefs, like claps of thunder,
As if each word ſhould cleave a heart in ſunder;
His voice being guarded with a pleaſing force,
I ſacrific'd my ears to his diſcourſe;
Me thoughts my ſoul, my very ears were bleſt
In giving audience, *whileſt he thus expreſt.*

Oh Heaven! oh Earth! how can they chuſe but
To ſee them make a *foot-ball* of a *Crown?* (frown
How long ſhall I be made an aim'd at mark
Of pointed *envy?* ſhall *they* make *me* dark
That I made light? and ſhall that *light* devoure
The former principle? Unhappy houre
When my abuſed willingneſſe was made
A Stalk-horſe unto thoſe, who have betray'd
An iſland unto tyranny; whoſe *Lawes*
Oppreſſe true *Subjects*, and make me *the Cauſe*:
Malicious *age*, and will their fury have
No end, untill it ſend *me* to my grve?
A grave moſt peacefull *place*, for I'm ſure
There's no *Rebellion*; there I'le reſt ſecure
Where neither grief, nor care, ſhall dare torment
My ſublime ſoule, there, there lies true *content*.
There there's the death of ſorrow, and the life
Of peace, and there a period to all ſtrife. (trie
There's none can mock my woes, there none can
A King, nor make a Garriſon, but I.
And what I ſpake, my ſoul proteſts is true,
I am no ſlave to death, but unto you
My ſoul's my Gods, and Tyrants do your worſt,
Jobs ſoule was free, when's body was accurſt.

But

But you *blood-thirſty Zelots*, learne to know
You never can riſe *high*, if I fall *low*.
I feare no *threats*, let torments all conjoine
Themſelves, at laſt yet I find them *yours*, not *mine*.
What though I ſuffer here, my *ſufferings* ſhall
Advance my *ſoul*; *May they not make you fall?*
Let out my *life*, go make a ſtreaming *floud*,
And bath your ſelves in my diffuſed blood.
Let looſe your *Furies*, give your *paſſions* breath,
And let them bait my *body* unto *death*.
I am reſolv'd, my heart ſhall flie above
The reach of fear, and view the God of love;
Conſider well, what glory can accrew
From my deſtruction, to ſuch ſoules as you;
Be not too raſh, but know a *cauſe* that's dy'd
In guiltleſſe *blood* cannot be juſtifi'd,
A proſperous *vice* ſhall never claim a right
To perpetuity, 'twill but in-right
A totall *ruin*, 'tis a greater *Fame*
To die with *virtue*, then to live with *ſhame*.
Yee ſeek for truth, and yet you go the way
To make the field of *truth* a *Golgatha*;
There is a great *antipathy* between
Faction and *Peace*, and yet my eyes have ſeen
How you (whoſe reſtleſſe ſpirits ſtill increaſe
With *Faction*) ſeem to ſtudy for a *Peace*;
Do not miſtake, for they that will compoſe
A difference, muſt never do't by blowes.
The want of apprehenſions may diſcrie
You nouriſh *Spiders*, and deſtroy the *Flie*.

Who

Who glorious in a *crime*, will in conclusion
Receive a *curse*, and with that curse *confusion*:
I long to be resolv'd, pray tell me why
Ye think ye cannot *live*, except I die?
Your thoughts are vaine, 'twill be a *tainted breath*
That had it's derivation from my *death*.
Am I *Basiliske?* and can my eyes
Devoure you? for you know my body lies
Subject to be destroy'd, not to destroy
(By taking up of Armes) your *Kingly joy*:
But you suppose, if I should long survive,
I would become laborious, and contrive
Some new designes, & with my numerous *forces*
Divert the streame of your *unlawfull courses*;
Make *reason* your Companions, walke a while,
Consult together, stride not o're the *stile*
When as the *gap* lies open, they're unwise
That will (when they foresee a harme) despise
Preventing meanes; for if you take this *life*
From my enjoyment, ye'le beget a *strife*
That will not end; and when that *strife* is bred,
Then will my *wrongs* survive, though I am *dead*,
And you that caus'd my *guiltlesse heart* to bleed
Will find *another* to revenge the deed;
Aske Heaven's forgiveneſſe, for ye cannot crave
Leave to abscond your *crimes*, within my Grave:
Be well assur'd, that ev'ry drop which parts
Out of my *veins*, shall cleave unto your hearts
Like tangling *bird-lime* which will hold you fast,
And *vengeance* too, shall find you out at last.

Heav'ns all-surveying *eye* must needs observe
Your late unpolish'd actions, which deserve
As many torments as th'inraged hand
Of *veng'ance* can impose, or *Heav'n* command:
Did I not labour with a serious brest
During the *Treaty*, to restore some rest
To this distemper'd *Kingdome*; but the gales
Of *Malice*, were oppugnant to my sailes;
My heart was loaded with the large encrease
Of hopeful thoughts, my soul was fill'd with *peace*
But at the last my hopes prov'd uselesse drosse,
And then I lost a *Crown*, and found a *Crosse*;
Heav'n hear my wish, oh grant I may commence
A *Doctor*, in the art of *Patience*!
It matters not how poor my Person be,
If at the last I may be crown'd with thee.
Thou knowst the secret corners of my heart
Which is at thy disposing, for thou art
The King of Kings, and unto thee i'le pay
The tribute of my *soul*, both night, and day:
I am thy *Subject*, give me grace to stand
Firmly obedient to thy just *command*.
When for my *sins* I shall receive thy *blames*,
Oh give me power to *suffer*, not *oppose*!
Pardon my *Enemies* which have been strong,
And almayes studious how to doe me wrong:
And though they'ave vented that which is un-
Father forgive, they know not what they do. (true,
They hate their *King*, & are not pleas'd with any,
O grant, good God, they may not find too *many*.

The

The chiefest of their *works*, is to devoure;
(*Stones* have usurpt their *hearts*, as they my *power*)
Against the sound of *Peace*, their *eares* are bar'd
Oh never sure, was *Pharaohs* heart so hard.
They dis-respect their *King*; it was not so
With *Shadrach*, *Meshach* and *Abednego*;
Their tongues have villifi'd me oftentimes,
These eares were never guilty of such Crimes;
Their hearts had vow'd obedience to their *King*,
And never ey'd by force of Armes to bring
Their own Designes to passe; but their submission
Sent comfort to their souls, and much contrition
To him, whose more then seven times heated *breast*
Did soon regreet what his hot rage expresst.
But well; since thus it is, I'le strive to sway
The Sceptre of my *miseries*, and lay
A good foundation, that my *Foes* may build
Their torments on my *breast*, which shall be fill'd
With true content, I'le labour to support, (*sure*)
(But yet must yeeld, when *death* shal storm *the*
I cannot start at *death*, I know it brings
A *finis* to my ancient *griefs*, and sings
Anthems of *Peace*: how happy's he that can
Flie to his *God* and scorne the rage of *Man*:
Thunder ye *Sons* of *Tyranny*, let rage
Flash from your sulph'rous *souls*, strive to ingage
The flames of *Etna* too, and let them dash
Against my *breast*; I'le own them as a flash;
Flatter your souls, prepare your *hands* to do
A *deed*, that Heav'n will not advise you to.

I pitty you, my heart cannot forbeare
To ſigh, and *Nature too*, commands a teare;
Oh that my *head* (like to a Fountaine) could
Furniſh my *eyes* with teares, oh then I would
Begin the *morning*, and conclude the *day* (way;
Whith *Drops*, and waſh the black-brow'd *night* a-
Oh let my language whet your dul belief,
'Twas you that fill'd myflowing heart with grief,
And now my Torments more and more excel,
Heav'n grant me *breath* enough to bid Farewel,
Farewel; ſad word, that like a bolt of thunder
Hath more then cleft my reaving heart in ſunder.
Death's nothing like the *ſorrow* which I finde
Raiſing a towre of *woe* within my minde.
Thou *partner* of my *ſoul*, how can I die
And leave thee here to weep a Lullaby
To my indulgent *babes*, how can it be
That I muſt leave ſo dear a *ſpouſe* as thee?
Poor *hearts*, If I muſt goe and leave you all
Confus'd together in the common *hall*
Of this inraged *world*, what wil ye doe
But mourne for *me*, as I have mourn'd for you?
Oh where wil you retire your ſelves, and ſpend
Your groaning *houres*, oh what regarding *friend*
Wil give a minuits *audience*, or relieve
Your pining *wants*, or *mean* to hear you *grieve*?
What Nation wil regard, or entertaine
(A royal) though a miſerable traine?
This is a ſorrow that divides my breſt;
This is a *grief* that cannot be expreſt

Without a fractur'd *heart*, this is a wound
That makes *confusion* active to *confound*.
Were it a possibility to have
Ten thousand *Lyons* lodg'd within this *Cave*,
(This trunke of mine) they could not more tor-
My heart, then this unbounded *discontent*; (ment
Should all the *Tyrants* in the world contrive
A way to make a dying *soul* survive
With living *paine*, they never could exceed
The *Tyrants* of these *Times* in such a deed;
I have been long imprison'd; and at last
Call'd to the *bar*; how soon I may be cast
Heav'n knows not I, for *they* that were so *bold*
To bring me thither, will, if not control'd,
Force me to *death*, their very *looks* declare
Their *resolutions*, whilst their hearts prepare
To suck my *veins*; Ah thus they have betray'd me,
And smile to see how *glorious* they have made me
They swell'd like *mountains*, and at last brought
The *Mouse* of *Reformation*, whose worth (forth
Is seated in all lofty *braines*, and hurl'd
Through every *corner* of th' inquiring *World*.
But why should I insist upon your *Crimes*?
May *heav'n* forgive you, and send better *times*:
I know my *dayes* are short, 'tis therefore meet
To leave this *Crown*, and buy a winding-*sheet*.
Be gone terrestriall *pleasures*, for ye are
But *Goalers* to your *Keepers*, and insoare
Your fond *beleevers*, goe, my *heart's* no *tombe*
To give you *buriall*, seek some other *roome*;

Flie then my *soul*; but stay, what *hand* is this
That seems to hold me from my long'd-for *blisse*?
More sorrows yet; will not th' *Almighty* please
'T afford my *soul* on earth a minutes ease?
Oh thou that mak'st my *harvest* full of paines,
Grant that my working *soul* may reap the *gaine*;
Grief's grown a *Politician*, and it keeps
A strong reserve; what eye is this that weeps
These briny teares into my fluent *heart*,
As if those *floods* should drowne me e're I part?
What *voice* is this I seem to hear? what tones
Are these that lavish out themselves in *groanes*?
What ayles my *thoughts*? what neer related breath
Is this that seems to breath a sudden *death*
Into my panting *breast*? methinks I heare
A *female voice*, cry, must I languish here?
Hard-hearted *death*, why art thou thus unkinde
To take him hence, and leave me here behinde
To *weep* his *obsequies*, draw up thy *bow*,
And send me whither I desire to goe. (stood,
Shoot, shoot, oh *Death*, thou shalt not be with-
Come, dip thy *arrowes* in my crimson *blood*,
Fear not, let flie, and let thy rovers hide
Their twi-fork'd *heads* within my wounded *side*:
Oh Heav'n, since thou wert pleas'd to joyn our
And *hearts* together, let thy strict *commands* (hands
Urge *death* to strike us *both*, that we may fly,
And dedicate our *souls* t' eternity;
Alas, what *joy*, what *comfort* can accrew
To me, when *he* shall bid this world adue,

I liv'd within his *heart*, but ah, if he
Shall quit this *earth*, what *life* remaines in me.
Alas sad *heart*, what canst thou doe but pine?
Never could *grief* be parallel'd with mine;
I am the Sea of *grief*, all streams doe tend
Towards me, for ah my *sorrowes* know no end:
The sturdy winds of *care*, and *trouble* blowes
Into my *soul*, my *Ocean* alwayes flowes
And never *ebbes*; oh miserable *age*;
How am I made a *subject* to their rage
Whose pare-boyl'd *souls* observes no other dyet
But *blood*; and seeme to rest in our disquiet;
You all-exceeding *Tyrants*, if ye thirst
For royall *blood*, be pleas'd to take mine first,
Mines but a *draught*, yee'le quickly swil it up,
Alas, it wil not yeeld each *soul* a sup;
You are the *fountains* from whose brests do spring
The streames of *murder*, and your *souls* can sing
Nothing but bloody *notes*; you can contract
The body of all *mischief*, and enact
What pleases *you*; But will you subjugate
Your legall *King*, whose *patience* is your *hate*;
But if you seek his fatall overthrow,
Ye'le *murder* more then *thousands* at *one* blow;
But why doe I thus languish breath in vaine,
On those whose *fury* have no ears? refraine
My trembling *tongue*; *Tyrants*; Ile leave you here,
And turn my thoughts to *Charls*, whose lif's as
To me, as *death* is cheap to you; Alas, (dear
My *heart* is full, I cannot let thee passe

Without a *figh*, nor can my eyes forbeare
To wash thy *sad remembrance* with a *teare*.
Has *Heav'n* decreed it? must we be devided
Dear *King*; and must our sorrowes be derided?
Thou great *Recorder* of my thoughts, to thee
I will resigne; command, and I will be
A subject to thy wil; Oh let me have
Thy gracious *pardon*, then a speedy *grave*,
For ah, what comfort can my wasting breast
Hope to receive, when I am dispossest
Of such a *Joy*? alas where shall I seate
My *heart*; *tears* are my *drink*, and *sighes* my *meate*,
These pallid *lippes* of mine shall never dare
To own a *smile*; I'le live with *grief* and *care*,
Except my *God* will please to take me hence,
And make his glorious *Kingdome* my defence;
Was it not *grief* enough to be absented
Five *yeers* from him, whose *absence* was lamented
With reall *drops*, yet then I could obtaine
Some hopes to see him in his throne againe.

But hark! methinks my Fancy seems to heare
An aire of *comfort* breathing in my *eare*,
It is the voice of *Charls*, whose pleasing breath
Seemes to advance me from the shades of *death*,
Methinks I hear his language, which distils
Out from the *Limbick* of his *soul*, and fils
My pining *heart* with a triumphing joy
His voice revives me, but his *words* destroy.
He thus proceeds;----Oh thou that are the *vine*
Which twists about this twining *heart* of mine,

Ap-

Approach my *presence*, and I will declare
How great my *sufferings*, and my *comforts* are:
First I was tost, and banded to and fro
From place to place, permitted not to goe
Without a guard; a guard that did pretend
Rather to act a *murder*, then defend:
Then was I hurry'd to that fatall *place*
Of *London*, where I know I must uncase
My willing *soul*, which shall rejoyce, when they
That are my *Judges* shall presume to lay
Their accusations on me, and declare
My new-coyn'd *faults*, with their pretended *care*.
And to advance their *plots*, they first inferr
I am a *Tyrant*, and a *Murderer*,
Nay, and a *Traytor* too; if so it be
That I'm a *Tyrant*, where's my *Tyranny*?
Or if a *Murderer*; I here require (fire.
To know whose blood it was that quench'd my
Suppose (but Heav'n forbid) it should be true,
It was against my *God* I sinn'd, not you.
Oh what an *Age* is this, where seeming *Reason*
Pretends to make me *Traytor*, without *Treason*!
Death; come, and welcome, to my *heart*, I know
That my *Redeemer* lives, and that I owe
A debt to *Nature*, which cannot be pay'd
Till these condemned *corps* of mine are lay'd;
Now *grief* be gon, and let my *comforts* take
Possession of my *soul*, awake, awake
My slumbring *senses*, I'le triumph and sing,
For I have *found*, that Death hath *lost* her sting;

My

My *soul* informes me, that I must lad downe
This *Mortall* for a true *immortall* Crowne.
I'm ravish'd with *delight*, me thinks I have
A *Heav'n* within my bosome, to inslave
The *Hell* of torments; grief must stand aloof,
Not daring to approach within my roof;
The pleasures of this *world* doe seem to run,
And fly (like mists) before the morning *Sun*,
They're all but transitory; and can lay
No claime to perpetuity, to day
They seem like *messengers* of Joy; to morrow
They prove sad *Heraulds*, & proclaime a sorrow.
As for the Joyes of *heav'n*, they farre surmount
My souls *arithmetick*, I cannot count
Those numerous *delights*, which always be
Attendants to the *soules* eternity:
Thou great *Redeemer*, to whose sacred power
I now addresse my selfe, my long'd for *houre*
Is almost come, there's but a little blase
Remaines behind, and yet methinks my dayes
Seem tedious to my *soule*; I long to throw
This *burden* downe, that presses me below.
But since thy pleasure must be done, not mine,
Call when thou pleasest; for my *soul* is thine;
I'le not resist thy *hand*, but kisse thy *rod*,
I am thy *Creature*, thou my gracious *God*:

Come my indulgent *loves*, and let my breath
Inhabbit in your *eares* before my death.
Thou *Comfort* of my heart, why dost thou wast
Those pearly *dropps*. Why do they make such hast

To

To leave the sweet possessions of thy *eyes*?
What? wilt thou make a watry *Sacrifice*?
Oh do not weep, *Heav'n* is not pleas'd to see
Those gliding streames, which trickle down for me;
My tender *Babes*, oh why do you stand by
And imitate your *Mothers* stormy eye,
Restraine those tears; for every drop you shed
Falls on my moyst'ned *heart*, and there hath bred
A brim-fill'd *fountaine*, which at last will drownd
My *heart*, and give your *selves* the greatest wound,
Let not, oh let not, your sad *eyes* expresse
So great a *sorrow*, for my happinesse;
Cheer up; cheer up deare *souls*, & learne to keep
Those tears, or weep, to see your *Mother* weep,
Weep not for me, I'm going to receive
A lasting *Crowne*, oh leave (for heav'ns sake) leave
Those heart-infringing *groans*, why doe ye vex
My *Heav'n*-desiring *soul*, and thus perplex
Your pensive *hearts*, forbeare, and be appeasd,
Be not *displeased*, with what Heav'n is *pleas'd*;
Oh how can ye expect that hee'l fulfill
Your large *desires*, if thus you thwart his will?
Come smile upon me, and that smile will give
My *heart* a great incouragement to live,
Death's but a speedy passage from this *life*,
Unto a better, and concludes all strife
Between this World and us, whilst here we draw
Corrupted *aire* we're subject to the *Law*
Of *grief* and *care*, which daily circumvents
Discordious *hearts* with griping discontents.

Be

Be not dejected at my *death*, but rather
Rejoyce, to think that *heav'n* will be your *father*,
Comfort your woefull *mother*, that hath been
A carefull *Parent*, and my loyall *Queen*;
Give her that full *Obedience* which is due,
And *Heav'n* will be affectionate to *you*.
Oh let the feare of *God* be alwaies plac'd
Before your eyes; *Let virtue* be imbrac'd;
What ere ye doe, be carefull to reserve
A spotlesse *minde*, which will at last preserve
Your heav'n-bred *soules*, let not your *furies* rage
Into *revenge*, but labour to asswage
The flames of *anger*, let them not aspire
Beyond your reach; *Passion's the worst of fire*:
Be not too much addicted to the hate
Of *any*, but be wisely *moderate*,
And when your *hands* begin to undertake
A consequentiall *worke* be sure t' awake
Your slumb'ring *reasons*, labour to advise
With *heav'n* and he will crowne your *enterprise*
With full successe; and if your *foes* should chance
To gaine the day, permit your thoughts to glance
Upon your private *Crimes*, and learne to know
Th' effect can never absolutely show
The justnesse of a *cause*, for oftentimes
Just Heav'n is pleas'd to pardon private *Crimes*
With publique *means*; God knows my *cause* was just
And yet he lay'd my *Armies* in the dust:
Shall I repine because I dayly see
My *foes* prevaile, and triumph ouer me?

No,

No; no I will not, they shall *live* to *dye*,
When I shall *dye*, to *live* and glorifie
The *Generall* of Heav'n, within whose *Tent*
I hope to rest, where *Time* will ne're be spent.
But now, ah now, these *lipps* must bid *farewell*,
Methinks I heare (Deaths Orator) the *Bell*,
Plead for an *issue*, and I must not stay,
Death comes in haste, and I must post away:
Come then my tender *Babes*, & dearest *Spouse*
(Thou that wert alwayes constant to thy *vowes*)
And let those short-liv'd *armes* of mine inclose
You all together, e're I doe repose
My earth-defatigated *limbs*: forbeare
To drench my *farewell* in so large a *teare*;
My deare *Relations*, if my wasting *glasse*
Afford no *sand*, I must be gone; Alas
Teares cannot hold my *soul*; and woe may have
More priviledge to *take*, then he that *gave*;
My *Iourney's* almost ended, and I must
Take up an *Inn*, and lodge my self in *dust*,
Then shine upon me with the beams of *mirth*,
That I may say, I saw a *heav'n* on *earth*,
A pleasing *smile*, or *two*, will make me know
No paine in *death*, but if in *teares* you flow,
Oh then——

——But know, my *dearest*, Heav'n wil be
A fitter *husband* for thee far than *me*.
Thou need'st not feare thy *foes* contriving *harmes*
They cannot keep thee from his folding *armes*,

As

As they have done from *mine*, oh may wee meet,
I dare not say, within a *winding-sheet*;
For I am sure those weeping *Babes* will misse
Th'unwelcome *absence* of so great a *Misse*;
But when thy *husband* heav'n shall please to bring
Thy *soul* into his *Quire*, oh then wee'l sing
Prolonged *Anthems*, where we shall combine
Our *soules* together, in a place *divine*;
Till then——oh why, why does thy trembling hand
Freeze within *mine*? Ah me, why dost thou stand
And gaze upon me? are thy *veins* affray'd
To entertaine thy *blood*? has *grief* betray'd
Thy fainting heart to *death*? wilt thou precede
My resolutions, give me leave to lead
The way to *heav'n*; Alas, and wilt thou die
Because I cannot *live*? cast back thine *eye*
Upon thy Royall *Issue*, doe but see
How fast their *sighes* doe faile in *teares* to thee,
Oh let the sight of them revive thy *heart*,
Cheer up, and give me courage to depart;
For they that dye because another dyes,
Usurpe a Death, and make themselves a prize;
Doe not, oh doe not, thus torment thy *soul*
For my *departure*, if you must condole,
Condole my *stay*, my *soule* desires to be
Dissolv'd (Indulgent God) and rest with thee;
A bed of *Roses*; that's a fading *sweet*,
Oh there's no comfort to a winding *sheet*;
A *Grave's* the best of *Pallaces*; for there
Is neither whining *grief* nor pining *care*:

Why

Why should we scorne this *earth* that entertaine
Our wearied *bones*, and hides us from our *paines*?
Earth is a place of *worth*, yet would I have
Not any dore upon't but for a *grave*:
Now *death*; march bravely on, and let thy *dart*
Sing as it flies unto my obvious *heart*,
What? art thou daunted? dost thou feare to kill
Because I am a *King*; what? daunted still?
Why dost thou look so *pale*? what, art thou
By *Majesty*? or has thy *self* disarm'd (charm'd
Thy *self*, or else art thou asham'd to doe
So foul a *deed*, or wilt thou not imbrew
Thy *shaft* in Royall *blood*? Come, lay aside
Thy *feare*, and *shoot*, or else my *foes* will *chide*:
But hold a while (nor doe I bid thee stay,
Because my *soul's* desirous of delay)
Once more thou stole *Commandresse* of my *breast*,
Draw here, before I fall into my *rest*,
Approach unto me, let these *lipps* of mine
Intaile a *farewell* on those *cheeks* of thine,
Weep not, but let thy tender *knees* salute
The *ground* with *mine* let's labour to confute
Our *sorrows* with our *prayers*, and recommend
Our *souls* to *heav'n*; whose *glory* knows no *end*;
Thou *great*, thou *glorious*, thou all-ruling *King*,
Thou *Rocke*, thou *fountaine*, thou eternall *spring*
Of *Grace*; we that are cloathed with the *night*
Of *sin*, present our *selves* into thy *sight*;
And with unfained *hearts* devoutly pray
That thou wouldst send thy *Son* to chase away

Our

Our soul-obstrunding *clouds*, that thou mayst take
A pleasure to behold us, for his sake
We beg this needfull grace, in whom we know
Thou art well pleased, and to whom we owe
A debt unpayable, oh therefore let
Thy satisfying *mercy* pay our *debt*;
Oh hear our *prayers*, which strongly doe impor-
Thy gracious *pardon*, though it was our fortune
To be unfortunate, yet let us be
Indulgent *Father*, fortunate with *thee*,
Forgive our youthfull *sins*, and speak some *peace*
Unto our *souls*, and as our *sins* encrease,
So let thy *mercy*, more, and more abound,
That having *lost* our sins, thou may'st be found;
Heal our *back-slidings*, guide us in thy way,
That so our feet may never goe astray;
Oh *blesse* these *blessings*, which thy blessed *hand*
Bestow'd upon me, let them fil the Land
With good *examples*, guard them from their *foes*
And send them *patience*, when thou send'st them
Hear *me* for *them*, oh God, & *them* for *me*
And hear our *Saviour* for us *all*, and be
A *Father*, and a *Husband* to them all,
And let me *rise* in *mercy* when I *fall*:
Strengthen their *soules*, and teach them to renew
Their *patience*, when my *soul* shall bid adue.
To this infatuated *world*, oh let
Their *hearts* seclude all *grief*, for 'tis a debt
That must be *pay'd*, let thy *exchequer* take
Such ill-coyn'd *treasure*, as my *soul* can make,

Oh

Oh grant (dear Father) this my great *request*,
Then take me when thou pleasest to thy *rest*.
So, now my *joyes*, be cheerfull, let's create
A heav'nly *mirth*, and let our *sorrows* wait
Upon our *pleasures*; let our watchfull *eies*
Observe our *Makers* great *Immunities*.
Let's first observe how his free *hand* provided
For us, before we were, how he divided
The *water* from the *land*, and made it drie
To entertain our *feet*, and made the *skie*
To give us *light*; and afterwards he made
Poor helpless *Man*, that suddenly betray'd
Himself to *guive*, and by deviation,
Abus'd the *glory* of his free *Creation*.
But see the bounty of our *God* above,
Who quickly turn'd his *fury* into *love*;
And sent a speedy *balsom* to make sound
The deadly *anguish* of so deep a *wound*:
And shall we be ungratefull? shall we not
Remember him, that never yet forgot
To pity *us*? and shall we waste our *dayes*
In vain *contentions*, and not give him *praise*
That gave us his own *Son*? whose willing *breath*
Redeem'd our *souls* from everlasting *death*.
Alass, how miserable had we been,
Had his spontanious *death* not stept between
Veng'ance and *us*, and shall we then deny
What he *requires*, if he command that I
Retire unto *him*, shall my soul refuse
To run unto him, and embrace the *newes*,

Oh no, it must not, hee's accurst that shall
Desire to *stay*, if *Heaven* be pleas'd to call.
Death hath no *ears* to hear *complaints*, 'tis vain
To weep for *that* which *tears* cannot regain.
You my sad *standers* by, when *death* shall send
A *Message* to my *heart*, forbear to spend
Offensive *tears*, but rather *joy*, that I
Am gone before *you* to *Eternitie*,
Where now me thinks, I see you *all*, and hear
The lofty *Seraphims* salute my ear
With heav'n-bred *raptures*, which does even woo
My *soul* out of my *ears*, I long to go
And fill my self with *melody*, and sing
Perpetuall *Halelujahs* to my *King*.
So, now my wasting *lamp* begins to blaze,
Come *Death*, and put a period to my *dayes*,
Let out my *life*, that I may flie unto
My *God*, and bid thy hatched *world* adieu:
Adieu vain *pleasures* of unconstant *earth*,
Adieu false *joys*, and world-derived *mirth*:
My dear *Relations*, I must now expresse
A farewell to you *all*, and then addresse
My *self* to *Heaven*, within whose *Court* I shall
(My soul now tels me) shortly meet you *all*.
Till then enjoy what *heav'n* shall please to give,
And rather study how to *die* then *live*,
Make use of *time*, and languish not in vain
Those *hours* which cannot be recall'd again,
Comfort each other, and if *fortune* frown,
Smile ye at *fortune*, lay your *sorrows* down

Before the face of *Heav'n* and he'l relieve
Your pining *wants*: oh let your hearts not grieve
For *food* and *raiment*; labour to be true,
And he that *feeds* the *Ravens* will feed *you*.
Oh let your morning *thoughts* be sure to mount
To *Heav'ns* high *Altar*, give him an account
Of all your *actions*; they which every day
Make their accounts to *God*, prepare a way
To go to *heav'n*. But *time* will give me leave
T' expresse no more; my *soul* begins to cleave
Unto a blest *Eternitie*, my *heart*
Declares unto *me*, that I must depart;
Time whets his sithe: Oh do not ring my *knell*,
With sighs and sobs, farewel, my Joys, farewell.
So, now the *Load-stone* of this *world* shall have
No art t' attract my *soul*, I'll not enslave
My self to *earth*: shall transitory *toyes*
Surrept my *soul* from heavens eternall *Joys*?
Oh no, they shall not. Now I'll dedicate
My *self* to thee (my God) who didst create
Both *soul* and *body*; thou that knowst the *thoughts*
And *hearts* of *Kings*, and numerates their *faults*,
Pardon what I have done amiss to *thee*,
Forgive my *enemies*. Thou knowst I 'm free
From what I *suffer* for; thou knowst my *hands*
Are *cleer* from *blood*, thou knowst that my *Com-*
Were not tyranical, thou knowst my brest *(mands*
Was never stain'd with Treason; My request
O God is this, that thou wouldst make them know
(And timely feel) what a most wilfull blow

Th'ave given to their Consciences; oh turn
Their flaming hearts to thee, which daily burn
Against thy servants, cause them to relent;
And let their griefs induce them to repent,
Be mercifull to them, as they were cruel
To me, and mine, oh quench the blazing fuel
Of their desires, gives them not their deserts,
But wash my blood from their unfountain'd hearts;
And as for me, presented to thy eyes
Suppos'd (as an atoning Sacrifice)
By them whose seven-years malice have contriv'd
My downfall; when my body is dissolv'd,
Receive my soul into thy glorious Tent,
And mak't a member of thy Parliament;
Now farewel world, and dirt-composed Crowns,
Farewel earths smiles, and fortunes surly frowns.
Farewel to you that thus my life expell,
Oh may my farewell, make you all farewell.

Reader; the sound of *death* hath made me start
Out of my *slumbers*, and my wak'ned *heart*
Trembles within me; Oh what shall we doe?
Oh may I never *dream*, to *dream* thus true:
But since 'tis so, (kind Reader) let thy *eie*
Survay the paths of his sad *Elegie*:
Lavish not out your *tears* too fast, but keep
A strong *reserve*, your *eyes* must *bleed*, or *weep*.
Fall then adue; and when I meet thee there,
Reader, assure thy self, I'le spend a tear.

AN ELEGY UPON

That never to be forgotten

CHARLS THE FIRST;

Late (but too soon Martyr'd) KING *of* England, Scotland, France *and* Ireland.

Who with unmoved Constancy, laid down
His Life, t'exchange it for a heav'nly Crown.

January 30. 1648.

In ædibus Regum
Mors venit

Printed in the Year, 1649.

AN ELEGIE UPON

That never to be forgotten

CHARLES THE FIRST.

WHat? do I dream? or does my *fancy* scatter
Into my various *minds* reall *matter*?
What ails my *thoughts*? what uncorrected *passion*
Is this, that puts my *Senses* out of fashion?
Where am I hurried? what sanguinous *place*
Is this I breathe in, garnish'd with *disgrace*?
Why? what's the reason that my *eyes* behold
These waves of *blood*? Does the *Red sea* infold
My shivering *body*? Or, what stormy weather
Was that which violently tost me hither?
Where am I now? what rubicundious *light*
Is this, that bloudies my amazed sight?
What *Reformation's* this that's newly bred,
And turns my *white* into so deep a *red*?

Awake

Awake my *fancy*, come delude no more;
Say; are my *feet* upon the *English shore*?
Sure not; these are usurping thoughts that raine
Within the Kingdom of a troubl'd braine:
If this be *England*, oh whis alteration
Is lately bred within so blest a *Nation*;
My soul is now assured; for I see
Those lofty Structures where mild Majesty
Did once recide; abounding with a *flood* (*blood*)
That swells (and almost moates them round) with
England, sad object, that men't lately trown'd
With a most glorious *prince*; how art thou drown'd
In Royall *blood*? was not thy *mother* *vine*?
Open'd of late; ah, who can stop't again?
Look round about thee, and thou shalt descry
How every *fact* imports an *Elegy*.
Review thy self, see how thou art ingrain'd
With guiltiesse *blood*? wherever *Land* so stain'd?
Needs must your hearts expect a cloudy *night*
Now *Sol* is set, and *Cynthia* wants her light:
And dost thou think, O *England*, to immure
Thy self in *blood*, and always rest secure?
Oh no, assure thy selfithere is a hand
That rules *above*, which will correct thy *land*:
Be well advis'd, oh Nation, learn to know
That language cannot ebb, when blood shal flow,
All *hearts* all *eyes*, all *hands*, all *tongues*, all *Quills*
Will *think*, wil *weep*, wil *write*, & *speak* their *wills*
I'le not invoke; this Subject will invite
Th'obdurest hearts, and teach that pen to write

Which never [illegible] Letter, and infuse
The seed of Life, [illegible]
Thou great *Instructor* [illegible]
An *Eagle* [illegible] with an *Eagle* [illegible]
Rais'd by a *fall*, my *Muse* begins to sing
The melancholy [illegible] of [illegible]
And is he gone? did not the [illegible]
Dissolve, when as they told his sad *Farewell*?
If he be gone? what language can there be
Remaining in this *Land*, except *Alone*?
Ah me, Ah lass, how is this *Rocke* [illegible]
In such a loss? —— I cannot speak the rest
My Heart is full of *Arrows* [illegible]
From the stiff *Bow* of a commanding [illegible]
Each wound is *mortal*, yet in spight of *pain*
Ile pluck them out, and shoot them back again
And when my *tongue* shall empty out my heart
Let Death sit prize me with a single *Dart*,
Ile strive t'entface *Rebellion*, and my eyes
Shall [illegible] all new [illegible] Tyrannies;
Sorrow will not be [illegible] *rides* must [illegible]
Their usuall [illegible] till their strength is done
I have a stream of *grief* within my breast,
That tumbles up and down, and cannot rest
I am resolv'd (let death dismeade) to speak
What Reason dictates, or my heart must break
Ile mount the *Stage*, let standers by behold
My *Actions*, for my sorrow must be bold;
I fear not *those*, whose *powers* may controll
The language of my *tongue*, but not my *soul*.

Advance de jected *souls*, head *reason* cull,
Let not the *truth* be passive, though we fall
Blush not to own those *bears*, which you have
In *private*, for a *Publick* discontent;
Let not your *tongue*, be Pris'ners to your *lips*
When *Justice* sails, oh let's not *fear* eclipse
The light of *truth*, rouse up your selves drawn
When Justice finds a Tongue finde you an ear
The *day's* expir'd, bright *Sol* hath drawn his head
Within the curtains of his *Tethe's* bed,
Where shall we hide our slumbring *soul*, and lay
Our wearied *limbes*, till he renews the day?
A day! Alasse, have not our wrinched eyes
Seen a great *fall*? can we expect a *Rise*?
Should *Heap'n* (who justly may) command his
T'expel this *light*, as we haig lately *ours*, (powre
What should we do? where should we finde a *sun*,
That have by too much doing quite undone
Our wilfull *selves*? by shuffing out that *light*
Which he inspir'd, to guard us from the *night*
Of sad *confusion*; ah, how could we spoile
So pure a *lampe*, and so pfurpe that *oyle*
Which was ordain'd to nourish us? We run
To light a *Candle*, and put out the *Sun*;
In vain we waste our times, and range about
To look for new lights, now the old light's out,
We seek; and we may finde; but *heav'n* knowes
Old lights were made by *God*, *Kings* by *men*. (when
Shake *England* for thy *Grand Upholder's* down,
Thy *feet* have lately spurn'd against thy *crown*,

Thy *hands* are daub'd with *blood*, our *ruine* calls
An *other*, to the others *funeralls*;
Destruction thunders, and the *earth* is fill'd
With doleful *etchies*; blood that hath been spill'd
By unjust *hands* (like seas) begin to roare,
As if 'twould take revenge upon the *shore*;
The whistling *woods* and their subjected *springs*
Sends forth Elegious *blasts*, each corner rings
With unaccustom'd *sounds*; All things expresse
(By thir prognosticating looks) unhappinesse;
Deploring *Philomel* does now repeate
Contristed *notes*, upon her *Thorny seat*;
She has forgot those sweet nocturnall *notes*
Which lately charm'd all *forrow*, now she doces
Upon her woofull, her prolixed *tones*,
And finds no *sweetnesse* in her *lovely* groanes;
The *Commons* of the *nice* conspire to throw
Their *Sovereign* down, and will not fly so low
As formerly; but are resolv'd to be
Oppugnant to the *Eagles Majesty*.
How pregnant is Rebellion every where,
Not onely here on earth, but in the aire?
Can *thunder* roare, and not the lofty sound
Be heard? can *Cedars* fall into the ground,
And not be seen? can *Mountaines* shrinke away
And not observ'd? nor can there be a *day*
Without a *Sun*? nor can there be a *night*
Without some *darkness*? can there be a *light*
Put out unwanted? or can *murther* be
Committed upon sacred *Majestie*;

And

And not lamented? sure no humane *heart*
Can be so *brazen*, as not to impart
Some *sorrow* to the *world*, for such a losse,
When gold is gone, how useless is the dresse?
Now mournfull *Muses*, light your *Torches* all,
T'attend your *glory* to his Funerall;
Shal, your *Mecenas* dye, and you stand still,
And not appeare upon *Parnassus hill*?
Away, away, invoke *Apollos* aide,
Tell him that your *Mecenas* was betray'd
To an unlawfull *death*, and you desire
To sacrifice a *verse*; and then retire:
Could I translate my *heart* into a *verse*,
I'de pinne it with my *soul* upon his *herse*.
Could I command the *world*, I'de make it burne,
Like a pure *lampe* upon his sacred *Urne*:
Could I command all *eyes*, I'de have them make,
(As a memoriall for great *Charles* his sake)
A *sea of teares*, that after *ages*, may
Lament to see, but not lament to say
He dy'd without a *teare*; and it should be
Call'd the *salt sea* of flowing *Loyaltie*? (spent
Could I command all *hearts*, I'de make them
Some drops of *blood* upon his *tombe*, and send
Millions of *sighes* to Heav'n, that may expresse
His death was *Englands* great unhappinesse;
Could I command all *tongues*, I'de make them ruin
Divisions on his *praise*, till *time* were done;
Could I command all *hands*, I'de strike them dead
Because they should not rise against their *head*:
Could I command all *feet*, I'de make them goe

And

And give the Son that duty which they owe
To his deserts ——

I'm in a *desert*, and I know not where (faire,
To guide my steps, that path which seemes most
Proves most pernicious to me, and will lend
My feet a good *beginning*, but no *end*.
Great *Charles*, oh happy word, but what's the
(Bad's th' application of so good a *Text*) (neat
Is dead; most killing word; what is he dead?
Nay more (if more may be) hee's murthered;
Ah then my thoughts are murther'd; my sad eyes
Shall never cease to weep his Obsequies:
I'le turn this *place* into a bubling *spring*
Of briny *teares*, and then I'le freely bring
A Sacrifice to *sorrow*, which shall be
A flaming *heart* that's crown'd with *Loyaltie*:
Now could I spend an age in thoughts, and tyre
The night with *sighes*, methinks I could inspire
Sorrow it self, and teach it to proclaime
What ruine waites upon our new-bred *flame*:
But 'tis in vaine, perswasions have no powre
On them, whose *resolutions* can devoure
Both *Law* and *Reason*, two most horrid *crimes*
In these pernicious, these contentious *times*:
Come then my thoughts, and let us ruminate
Upon our *sorrows*; oh unhappy *Fate*,
Why didst thou snuffe out *Charles* his royal *blaze*
In the *Aurora* of his well-spent days?

But

But 'tis in vaine to blame thee, for thy hand
Cannot refraine to strike, if *God* command;
Heav'n saw he was *too good* to be enjoy'd
By us; but not too *good* to be destroy'd
For his owne *glory*; let us rejoyce, we had
So good a *King*; but grieve to think how bad
We us'd his *goodness*; we may justly say
He gave in *mercy*, what he took away
In *Iudgement*, for his own commands appointed
We should not *touch*, (much more slay) his *anointed*
And yet we have, (as if our hearts had sworn
To contradict his will) abus'd and torn
His own *Vicegerent*, to whose thriving *hand*
He gave the *Scepter* of a glorious *Land*:
But now (unhappy land) thy glories fled,
Thy *Crown* is fallen, and thy *Charles* is dead;
Goe then, deplore thy self, whilst others sing
The living *vertues* of thy martyr'd *King*;
His glory shall survive with *Fame*, when they
Shall lye forgotten in a heape of *Clay*
That were the *Authors* of his death, their bones
Shall turne to *ashes*, as their hearts are *stones*
But did my *tongue* expresse that they should be
Forgot; oh no, their long-liv'd *Tyranny*
Shall be *perpetuall*; harke, misfortune sings
The worst of Tyrants, kill'd the best of Kings
He was the best; what impious *tongue* shall dare
To contradict my language, or impare
His living *worth*; and they that goe about
To blast his *Fame*, oh may their *tongues* drop out.

Pardon

Pardon oh *Heav'n*, if passion make me breake
Into extremes, who can forbeare to speake
In such a lawfull *cause*? why we not claime
A Priviledge to speak in *Charles* his name.
Is any timerous? then let them keep
Their language, and reserve themselves to weep;
Is any Joyful? let them keep their mirth
To please the *Tyrants* of this groaning *Earth*.
Is any *sorry*? let them keep their *grief*,
Til *Heav'n* shall please to send their soules *relief*;
Did ever *Land* find so great a *losse*?
Was ever *Nation* crownd with such a *crosse*?
Could ever *Kingdom* boast they had a *Prince*
That could be more *laborious* to convince
The *errours* of his *times*, or contradict
The *dictates* of his *rage*, or be more strict
In his *Devotions*; ne're did Prince inherit
So rich a *Crowne*, with so inrich'd a *Spirit*.
He was the best of *Conquerors*; he made
Conquests of *hearts*, although he was betray'd
By some inferiour *spirits*, which he found
Had lately started from the lowely *ground*,
And were not worth a *Conquest*; yet he gave
Them more *respect* then their *desarts* could crave.
None could *observe* during the time he stood
Before his *Pictures* that his royal *blood*
Mov'd into *fury*, but his *heart* was prone
To hear their *speeches*, and retort his *own*;
But when they found his *language* did increase
With *sweet*, he was desir'd to hold his *peace*,

And

And some related that their *furies* bred,
Because his *bat* inclos'd his royal *head*.
Good God, what times are these, when subjects dare
Presume to make their Soveraign stand bare;
And when they sent him from their new made
Of *Justice*, basely spit upon his *face*, (*plack*
But he whose *patience* could admit no date,
Conquer'd their *envies* and subdu'd their *hate*
Ah who could blame our *Soveraign* to decline
Their *ways*, and say, *were ever grief like mine?*
First when his feet approach'd into the *Hall*,
The ill-tun'd *tongues* of *sycophants* would call
Aloud for *Justice*, though they never knew
What *Justice* was, yet still they would renew
Their most *confounding*, and *discordious* noates,
And bruil for *Justice* with their sluce-like *throats*;
But he, that *Lambe* of Patience, never vented
A word of *anger*, but with speed prevented
Their louder *cryes*, and with a pleasing *breath*
Reply'd; If *Justice* can be gain'd by *death*,
Yea shall not wans it, only be content,
Yea may as soon endeavour *to repent*,
As now ye doe to spil my *blood*; advise,
Your *souls* will suffer for your forward *cryes*;
Having thus spoke, immediately he stept
Unto the *barre*, where for a time he kept
Himself in *silence*; like a *sun* he shin'd
Amongst those gloomy *clouds* which had com-
Themselves together, plotting to disgrace (bin'd
His or lent *Justice*, and impal'd his *face*;

And

And with a thundring *voice*, they first salute
His *ears* with *Tyrant*, *Traytor*, and impute
Murder unto him: With a pleasing smile
He look'd upon *them*, and a little while
He made a *pause*; but by and by, he broke
His silent lips, and moderately spoke
To this *effect*: May I desire to know
From whence this great *Authority* doth flow
That you pretend to act by? If it bee
Derivative; I shall desire to see,
And know from *whom*; till then I shall deny
To give my *tongue* a *licence* to reply.
You are our *Pris'ner* Sir, you ought not to
Demand what your appointed *Judges* do,
For our *Authority* 'tis known at large
Unto our *selves*; pray answer to your *Charge*,
Or els we shall proceed: I thought t'have seen
My *Lords* and *Peers* together, that had been
A means to make my fading *hopes* renew,
For most of *them* I know, but none of *you*.
As for my *Charge*, I own it as a thing
Of small concernment, as I am a King
You cannot try me: what your new made *Lars*
May do, I know not, have a care and pause
Before you act in *Blood*, strive to convince
Your stubborn *hearts*, & know, I am your *Prince*;
Y'are but abortive *Judges*, have a care,
Ye may be tangled in your own made *snare*;
Proceed: ye can but throw me to the *earth*,
They which *prevention* words mush own the *birth*;

God knows my heart; 'tis not my life that I
Account of, but my Subjects Liberty,
That's all that I desire. ——Sir, now we must
A little interrupt You: 'Tis unjust
A Prisoner (as you are) should be allow'd
So great a Priviledge: You've disavow'd
Our known Authority, and make a sport
Of real Justice, and affront the Court;
Feed not your guilty heart with such delay.
Waste no more time, for Justice will not stay.
Pray give me leave to speak, great Charles reply'd.
You ought not, Sir, to speak: We are satisfi'd
Already of your guilt, you must prepare
To hear your Sentence, and you must forbear
Your vain and weak discourses. Is it so,
He then reply'd, that I am fore'd to go
Away unheard (Alas, 'tis not the voice
Of Death can daunt my breast, ye may rejoyce
At my destruction, though you have no ear
To entertain my language, Heaven will hear.
Take notice People, that you Kings deny'd
To speak: What ever Justice rul'd by pride?
Thus having laid the burthen of their sight
Upon his head, they sent him from their light.
But he (that was inspir'd by Heaven) did show
A countenance that did import their woe,
More then a sorrow for his death, his face
Was dy'd with honour, theirs with foul disgrace;
His patience was their passion, and they found
His mind a kingdom, where his heart was crown'd

With constant *love*: Oh that I could rehearse
His living *Vertues* with a living *Verse*!
But now my *Pen* must leave *Him* for a time,
And dwell upon the *mountains* of that *crime*
Which *they* committed: Put a *King* to death!
Oh horrid *action*! what venomous *breath*
Pronounc'd that fatall *Sentence*? May it live
To poyson *Scorpions*, and not dare to give
The least of sounds to any humane *ear*.
Sure he was *deaf* himself, and could not hear
The cadence of his *language*: for the sound
Had been sufficient to inflict *a wound*
Within his marble *heart*: Oh such a deed (*bleed*
Stabs Kingdoms to the *hearts*, and makes them
Themselves to *death*; to lose so good a *King*,
By such base means, will prove a viperous *sting*
To this detested Land.——

——If *Kings* transgresse,
And prove *Tyrannicall*, we must addresse
Our selves to *Heaven*, and by our *Prayers* desire
Th' assistance of his *mercy* to inspire
Our souls with true *obedience*, that we may
Strengthen our *selves*, and *passively* obey
What *actively* we cannot; for *Kings* reign
By *God*, we therefore ought not to maintain
Our *rage* against *them*: He that shall controul
The *actions* of a King, burthens his Soul
With a most ponderous *crime*: If to suppose
But *ill* of *Kings* be sin; oh how have those

Trans-

Transgress'd, that have destroyd their *King*, and
Him *subject* to bad *Subjects*, that betraid (made
Their *souls* to *Tyranny*! Oh Heaven forgive
What they have done, and let their *sorrows* live
Within their *Souls*; Oh make them to behold
Their *errours*; Let not *Conquest* make them bold.
Here stop my *Muse*, lets labour to accost
Our former Glory. *Charles* though we have lost
His sacred *Person*, yet we must not lose
His happy *memory*: Ah, who can chuse
But *sigh*, when as they seat his glorious *name*
Within their *serious thoughts*! If ever *Fame*
Receiv'd a *Crown*, it was from *Him*, whose *worth*
My wearied Quil's too weak to blazon forth:
And when the best of my *endeavour's* done
I shall but light a *Candle* to the *Sun*.
Yet will I spend my *strength*; a feeble *light*
Plac'd by a greater, makes it shine more *bright*.

He was ('tis not unknown to all the *earth*)
A *Prince* by *vertue*, and a *Prince* by *birth*.
In the *exordium* of his *Reign* he swaid
The *Scepter* of this *Land* (till time betraid
Cupid and *Mars*) with a Majestick *brow*,
And made his chearfull *subjects* hearts to bow
In *honor*, and it could not be expreſt
Whether he rul'd *himself* or *Subjects* best.
He was a *Prince*, whose *life* and *converſation*
Impoverish'd *vices*, and enrich'd his *Nation*
With good *examples*; Honor never found
So sweet an *harbour*, Vertue never crown'd

So rare a *heart*; *Love* reign'd within his *eye*,
And there was clothed with *Divinitie*:
Vertue and *Majestie* did seem to strive
Within his Royall *brest*, which should survive
In greatest *Glory*: but 'twas soon decided,
Martha and *Mary* would not be divided:
No more would they, there was a *sympathie*
Between them both; for if the *one* should die,
The other could not *live*, they were combin'd
Within his *brest*, and could not be *disjoynd*.

O happy is that Land, where Vertue *shall*
Meet Majestie *within a* Princes *Hall*.

He was a *King* not onely over *Land*,
But over *Passion*, for he could command
His Royall *Self*, and when approaching *trouble*
Assaild his *mind*, his *wisdome* would redouble
His present *patience*, and he would allow
The worst of *sorrows*, a contented *brow*;
His undivided *soul* was alwaies free
To propagate the *works* of *Poetie*
His heart was still attracted to good *motions*,
By the true *Loadstone* of his firm *devotions*:
He alwaies studied how to recompence
Good *deeds* with full *rewards*: as for *offence*,
He sooner would *forgive* it, then impose
A *punishment*; his *meekness* made his *foes*
Grow *supercilious*, and at last they made
A private *snare*, and *zealously* betraid
The *Lord* of Englands *life*, whose free consent
Granted them a *Triennial Parliament*

To salve the *Kingdoms* grievances: but *they*
Took not the *grievances*, but *Him* away.
It could not be distinguish'd which did reign
Mars or *Apollo* most, within his *brain*:
He was a *Cæsar*, and the equall *fame*
Of *War* and *Wisdom* dwelt upon his *Name*:
As for his *Martiall* parts, *Edgehill* will bear
An everlasting *record*, how his care
And *resolution* did maintain that *Fight*,
Till *day* submitted to th' incroaching *night*.
Although Heavens *General* was pleas'd to bring
Such small *conditions* to so great a *King*,
We must not judge, that 'tis *success* that can
Procure the *title* of a valiant *man*;
For that will but instruct *him* how to fly
Upon the wings of *popularity*.
As for his *Theologick* parts, I may
Without *presumption* absolutely say,
He was a second *David*, and could raise
A lofty *strain*, to sing his *Makers* praise:
Read but his *Meditations*, and you'l finde
His *breast* attain'd an heav'n-enameld *minde*.
Now *Reader*, close thine *eye*, and do not read
My following *lines*, except thy *heart* can bleed,
And thou not die. Ah, here's a mournfull *text*,
Imports a *death*: Suppose what follows next,
And 'tis enough. Oh that I could *ingrosse*
The *Language* of the *world*, t' expresse this *losse*!
Break *hearts*, weep *eyes*, lament your *Soveraign*?
And let *Him* swim unto his *Funerall* (fall,

In Subjects *teares*, oh had you seen his *feet*
Mounted the *stage of blood*, and run to meet
The *fury* of his *foes*, and how his *breath*
Proclaim'd a *correspondency* with *death*;
Oh then thy diving *heart* must needs have found
The depth of *sorrow*, and receiv'd a wound
That *Time* could not recure, oh such a sight
Had been sufficient to have made a *night*
Within this little *world*, hadst thou but seen
What soule-defending *patience* stood between
Passion and *him*: with what a pleasing *grace*,
(*As if that death had blusht within his face*)
He look'd upon his *people*, which surrounded
His mourning *Scaffold*, whilst his *thoughts* abound
With heav'nly *raptures*; his *Angelike* voice (ded
Taught *Joy* to weep and *sorrow* to rejoyce;
Teares blinded many, that they could not see
So *bloody*, so abhorr'd a *Tragedy*.
He look'd, as if he rather came to view
His *Subjects*, then to bid them all adue;
Feare had no *habitation* in his *breast*,
And what he *spoke*, was *readily* expreſt:
Heav'ns sacred *Orator* divinely typp'd
His tongue with golden *languages*, and dipp'd
His *soul* in *Loves* sweet *fountains*, so that *all*
That *lov'd*, *admir'd* and *griev'd* to see him *fall*,
Whil'st he (submitting *Prince*) devoutly pray'd
That *Heav'n* would pardon *those* that had betraid
His *body* to the *grave*, as from his soul
He had *forgave* them all, and did condole

Their

Their ſad *conditions*; having ſpent his *breath*,
He yeelded (like a Lamb) unto his *death*.
Much more he utterd; but my burthen'd *Quill*
Recoils, and will not proſecute my *will*:
My *Pen* and *I* muſt now abrubtly part,
Pardon (*oh Reader*) for *love* bindes my *heart*
With chains of *ſorrow*: let me *crave*, what I
Shall want in *Language*, that thou wilt *ſupply*
In *Meditation*; But before I let
My *Quill* deſert my *hand*, I'le make it *ſet*
This Tragi-comick period to my ſtory,
Charles *liv'd in trouble, and he dy'd in glory.*

FINIS.

Habakkuk *chap.* 1. *ver.* 13.

Thou art of purer eys (O God) then to behold evil, *and canſt not look on* iniquity: *Wherefore lookeſt thou upon them that deal* treacherouſly, *and holdeſt thy tongue when the* wicked *devoureth the* man *that is more* righteous *then* they?

AN EPITAPH.

Upon

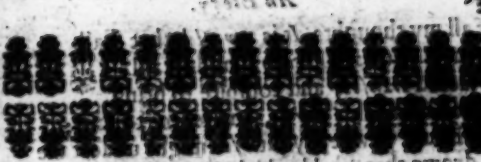
C aines, having kill'd their *Abel*, lay'd
H im underneath, whom they betray'd
A nd forc'd to *death* (Kind Reader) know
R eligion was his *overthrow*.
L ament, lament, this *fatall* losse,
E ngland never had a *Crosse*.
S o *Great* as *This*; Let every *Eye*

K eep *teares* to weep his *Elegie*.
I may presume to say, a *Tombe*
N ever had a richer *wombe*.
G oe not till your *sorrowes* have

O ffered *teares* unto his *grave*;
F aile not to spend some reall *groanes*,

E xcept your *hearts* are turn'd to *stones*
N ow methinkes his *ashes* cryes
G uiltlesse blood's a *Sacrifice*,
L ondon lately lost her *heart*,
A nd is *sicke* in every *part*,
N othing could appease but *blood*,
D eath took her *King*, and left a *flood*.

FINIS.



AN ELEGY

UPON

The Right *Honorable*, the LORD *CAPELL*, Baron of *Hadham*; Who was beheaded at *Westminster*, for maintaining the ancient and fundamentall Lawes of the Kingdome of *ENGLAND*.

March the 9. 1648.

Heu jrcet, aut factis vivat ubique suis.

DIsturbe me not, my *thoughts* are mounting
To build a *Nest* for *Capells* memory. (high
Fool that I am, I doe not meane, a *Nest*,
No, nor a *Kingdome* neither that's the least

Of

Of all my thoughts, It is a *world*, that shall
Be ruld by *Capells* *echo*; hollow all
Ye sacred *Muses*, and conspire to bring
Materialls to this *worke*, and learne to sing;
For though we weep, your *eyes* might undertake
To drown that *world*, which *I* intend to make.
Forbeare, your *teares* are useleſſe, you muſt now
Gaze upon *death* with an undaunted *brow*,
Capell has taught us how to entertaine
The palled looks of *Mors*, by him we gaine
The *art* of dying, and from him we have
The *diffinition* of a Noble *Grave*:
Rare *ſoul*, I ſay, thy ever active *Fame*
Shall build a *world* upon thy pregnant *name*,
And every Letter of thy *Name* ſhall raiſe
A ſpacious *kingdom*, where thy ample *praiſe*
Shall be recorded, every hearkning *eare*
Shall prove Ambitious, and admire to heare:
'Twill be a *glory*, when the world ſhall ſay
'Twas bravely done, his *Soveraigne* lead the way,
And he (as valiant Souldiers ought to doe)
March'd boldly after, and was alwayes true
To ſacred *Majeſty*; his Noble *breath*
Diſdain'd the fear of a *Tyrannick* death;
Death added *life* unto his *thoughts*, for he
Contemn'd a *life*, if bought with *infamy*.
The very *birds* ſhall learne to prate, and ſing,
How *Capell* ſuffered for his Royall *King*.
Rouze then ye ſtupid *ſons* of *Morpheus*; Let
This ſhining *Sun* of *Engliſh* valour ſet

And

And rise within your *horizons*, your *hearts*
I mean, and teach you how to sing in parts
The *Anthems* of his *mercie*: Oh understand
That this was he, whose *death* hath fill'd the *land*
With living *sorrow*; this was he, whose *glory*
Shall lend the *worldan* everlasting *story*.

You lust-obeying *Tarquins*, that permit
And tolerate your *pleasures*, to commit
Adulterated *actions*, and command
England, our poor *Lucretia*, to stand
Subject to our libidinous *desires*;
And cannot help her self, heav'n grant your fires
May soone expire, that at the last we may
(Like *Tarquins*) see you banish'd quite away,
Say, will your hung'ry *appetites* receive
No satisfaction? have you vow'd to leave
No Noble *blood*? Alasse how can your meek
And tender *consciences*; thus *roar*, and *seek*
Like greedy *Lyons*, fenting up and downe
To find your *prey* in every Royall *Towne*.
Where is that *zeale* which was in former *times*
A golden *pretext*, to your drosly *crimes*?
Doe you not thinke of *heav'n* have ye forgot?
There is a *God*? or will ye own him not?
Where is *Religion* (your upholder) fled?
What? is that *murther'd* too? or have ye spread
A vaile upon *her*, that she may not be
Observ'd, or own'd, but in *necessitie*,
Has not *Religion* all this while maintain'd
Your unjust *cause*? what money's ye have gain'd

Was

Was for *Religions* sake, which still supplyd
Your *wants*, but now ye're *full*, that's lay'd.
Unhappy is that land, whose people brogge,
That they have put Religion upon boggs.
Money preordes *Religion* now; but stay
Precipitating *quill*, I've lost my *way*,
Nay, and my *subject* too, how came my *minde*
Thus much to deviate; oh where shall I finde
My former *subject*? shall my *thoughts* object
His *memory*, and own him with Neglect;
No, no, they shall not come my *Muse*, repose
Let's think upon your *Friend*, and let our *foes*
Remember us, *Capell*, thy *worth* shall fill
The black mouth'd *concave* of my mourning *quill*.
He was a *Pompie*, but receiv'd his harme
From *Tyranto*, not from *Cæsars* noble arme.
He had an *Army* in his minde, could call
Vertue to be their bold fac'd *General*;
He had no *Pride*, no *Faction* to create
Or nurse *division* in his peacefull *State*;
He had a *Court* of *Justice* in his *breast*,
But not to *tyrannize* to make inquest
After the *sons* of *Loyalty*, or bring
Illegall *Judgements*: to their legal *King*;
He had a *heart*, that never us'd to hide
The heate of *envie*, or the flames of *Pride*;
He had a *Conscience* never us'd t'exact
Upon a *widdowed* Kingdome, or extract
The *treasures* of a *Nation*, to defray
His own *desires*, he never us'd to play

The

The *Devil* in the habit of a *Saint*,
Or teach his *Agitators* how to paint
A *vice* with pleasing *colours*, or prepare
His ready *eyes* to shed a *crocodiles* teare
With a false *heart*, he never strivd to please,
And turn the *People* hearts with *Peters-Keyes*;
And to conclude, he never would desire
Other mens *faith* to maintain his *fire*;
Now *Reader*, thou hast heard he had a *minde*
Not *morgag'd* unto *basenesse*, but inclin'd
To honorable *actions*; It was he
That was the *Emblems* of true *Charitie*,
Yet some unworthy *Spirit* have expred
He was a *foe* of *Rome*, because his breast
Was fill'd with *pitty*, and would still relieve
The *Poor*, whose wants, instructed him to *grieve*.
False are those base *reports*, he was a man
Always reputed a great *Puritan*,
And not a *Papist*, and he had a care
To have that *hated* Book of *Common prayer*
Read to his *Family*, himself would joyn
His aid to any thing that was *Divine*;
The *Church* did seldom fail to entertain
His Noble *self*, and his domestique *traine*,
Until this blessed *Reformation* spread
It self abroad and struck *Religion* dead;
And then indeed his *Conscience* would refuse
To let him hear some *Rabshekah* abuse
His Gods *Anointed*, and his reall *heart*
Could not endure to hear *time-servers* dart

Arrows

Arrows of *envie* at his *King*, and raile
Againſt his *Generall*, labouring to intaile
Diſgrace upon their *names*, and fill the earth
With heapes of *errours*, and rebellious *mirth*;
Theſe things his *heart* abhorr'd, he could not heare
His *King* abuſed with a patient *eare*:
He was the *ſoul* of *Loyalty*, his minde
Was alwayes *actiue*; for he ſtill inclin'd
His *thoughts* to *goodneſſe*, ſtriving how to bring
Peace to his *Country*, honour to his *King*:
He was a *man* that always us'd to fly
Upon the wings of true *ſolidity*;
He was compleat, and *rich* in every part,
His *tongue* was never *traytor* to his *heart*;
But now, ah now I ſhall make death too proud
To ſpeak it, he hath lately left this cloud,
This *world* of *envy*, and is gon t'inherit
Thoſe *joyes* which wait upon a noble *Spirit*:
Now, now he's gon to *heav'ns* ſublimer *court*,
Where *Juſtice* lives, a place more fulſe *report*,
Shall find no *eare*; a place where none ſhall *dye*
For being *rich*, or *moſt*; their *Loyalty*
Shall be reſpected; there, the weeping *eyes*
Of *Orphans* ſhall be pitied; there, the *cries*
Of *Ladies* pleading for their *Lords*, ſhall finde
A full reſpect; where *Vertue* is refinde,
There muſt be *happineſſe*, oh think but where
It is, (kinde Reader) and brave *Capels* there;
There, there, he's *gon*; who ſtoutly trode the *ſtage*
Of *blood*, whole *life*, whoſe *death* no *age*

Will

Will ever *paralel* his *courage* gave
A *life* to *death*, and *pleasure* to a *grave*;
He had a pleasing *countenance*, his *face*
Did seem to *blush*, but 't was for their *disgrace*,
And not his *guilt*, he hever seem'd t' expresse
The least of *fear*, but hasted to addresse
Himself to *heav'n*, and like a *Stagge*, he bay'd
At his unsatisfied *hounds* and lay'd
His *use* before them, and contemn'd their *power*
Because he knew they only could devour
His little *world*; but for his *soul*, that went
Before a more consciencious *Paliament*,
Where now he *rests* in peacefulness, and doubles
His *pleasures*, whilest his *foes* survive in *troubles*,
There rest heroick *Capell*, and enjoy
Those rich *delights* which time cannot destroy;
Rest *thou*, whilst those are *restlesse* which deny'd
To let thee rest on *earth*, whose hearts are ty'd
In bloody *fetters*, which conglutinates
Their *souls*, and leads them to the worst of Fates.
But now my Quil grows weak, I must forsake
These sable *pathes*, I dare not undertake
So great a *journey*, for my feeble Pen
Begins to stagger, *grief* can teach me when
I shall begin, but will not prove my *friend*,
And lead my *sorrows* to a peacefull *end*:
My *thoughts* increase, this *subject* would infuse
A youthfull *life*, into an ancient *Muse*.
My heart's compos'd of *raptures*, and my *hand*
Receivs new *strength*; methinks I could command

The

The spacious world, and teach it to expresse
His praise on earth, though not his happinesse
In Heav'n, where now I'le leave him, and retire;
I'le cease to write, and practise to admire.

Ye have killed, and condemned the Just, and he doth not resist you. Jam. 5.6.

AN EPITAPH.

UPON

The Right Honorable.

A towre is fallen, and it lyes
R epreſented to thy *eyes*:
T herefore, *Reader*, if thy *breath*
H ad an *intereſt* in his *death*,
U nfix thy *thoughts*, and poſt away,
R eaſon forbids a *Tyrants* ſtay.

L aviſh out your hearty *cryes*,
O pen wide your flowing *eyes*,
R ecord his *worth*, and let all *hearts*
D oate upon his living *parts*:

C an any thinke upon his *Name*,
A nd not labour to proclaime
P erpetuall *praiſes* to his *worth*,
E ngaging *hearts* to ſet him forth:
L et all *men* ſay, and not *repent*,
L ee here lyes *Murthers complement*.

Dignum laude virum muſa vetat mori.

A CURSE AGAINST *The Enemies of* PEACE.

PEace, peace, Rebellious *Vipers*; you that cry,
Advance *Malignants*, downe with *Majesty*,
Cease your vain *Wishes*, may ye never rest,
That love no *Peace*; nay, may ye ne're be blest
That envy *Sion*; ah I shall *Sions* glory
Be thus abstracted, and thus made a story
To after-ages; hath your hungry zeal
Devoured all your *senses* at one *meal*?

What

What do ye mean? do ye intend to try
A *Reformation* with *Phlebotomy*?
Or has your hell-bred *policy* found out a way
To turn a *Canaan*, to a *Golgotha*?
Hath the Tartarian *Counsellor* invented
Such thriving *plots* that cannot be prevented?
Leave off base acts Mechanicks, and begin
To deal *uprightly*, and *reform* within:
Bury your aged *crimes*, and then go call
Your straggling *senses* to the funerall.
Thus I advise you, if this will not do,
Assure your *selves* Ile learn to curse you too.
May *heav'n* whose frowning *countenance* doth show
An *angry* resolution, overthrow
You, and your *prick-ear'd Progeny*, and make
Your *children suffer* for their *parents* sake;
May ye all *beg*, and wander *up* and *down*
Like *vagabonds*, be lash'd from *Town* to *Town*;
And may the *Loadstones* of your *crimes* attract
Ten thousand *plagues*, and may those *plagues* exact
Upon your lavish *souls*, let impious *Fate*
Blush, if she chance to make you *fortunate*.
May *torments* pursue *torments*, and still grow,
Till *Rithmatick* be non-plust, and o'rethrow
Your treason-loaded hearts: And if this *Curse*
Will not succeed, may't yeeld unto a *worse*
For you, that this declining *age* may see
The *just rewards* of your *impietie*.
Let *baseneſſe* be entayl'd unto your *names*,
Too strong for all *recovery*; Let *shames*

And lasting *infamies* remain
In deeper *Characters* then that of *Cain*.
May your foules born, till *heav'n* shall think it good
To quench them in your *generation's* blood,
That all the world may hear you *hisse*, and cry
Who lov'd no Peace, in Peace shall never dye.

THE

THE AUTHORS FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

ENgland, farewell; th'affections that I beare
To thee, I cannot name without a *teare*;
I must be gon: my troubled *Conscience* loathes
To staine it's *welfare* with thy new-made *oathes*,
Heav'n knowes my *heart*, I truly hate *disorders*,
And pity them that live within thy *borders*.
As for my self, *I* cannot stoope so low,
To be subordinate to *them I* know

Are

Are but *inferiors*, though they have of late
Converted *Menarchy* into a *State*;
Though *heav'n* conceals his *anger* for a time,
Giving them leave to doate upon a *crime*;
A *day* will come to plague their *souls*, and then
They'le prove but *devills* in the shapes of *men*.
And so farewell, poor *England*, quite *farewell*
Where Furies *reign*, *there needs must be a hell*.

Anglia jam quantum, quantum mutata vetustas,
Nunc caput es sceleris, qui caput orbis erat.

FINIS.